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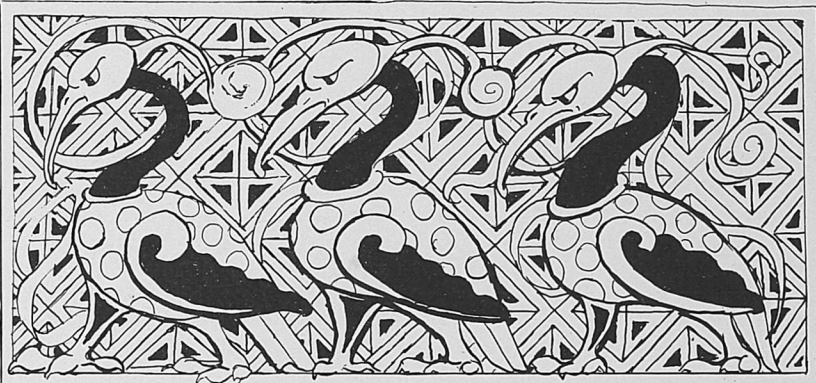
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# Songs of the Celtic Past.

NORREYS Jephson O'CONOR.

Designed by E.W. Colby.



SONGS of the  
Celtic past,  
'BORN IN AN  
ANCIENT AGE;  
OUR hearts will  
beat more fast

FOR this, our heritage.

The clash of sword on shield,  
As ARMED MEN MARCH DOWN,  
DRIVING FROM field to field  
SCARED cattle, black and brown.



THE heritage of song  
MORE powerful than Time,  
Which WEAVES A NATION'S WRONG  
With wondrous wreaths of rhyme:

HARMONY of music, sweet  
As COUNTLESS birds in tune,  
OR the RIVER leaping, fleet  
IN EARLY days of JUNE.

THE passion and the pride  
OF centuries ago;  
The bare, wet mountain-side,  
The valleys white in snow.

MUSIC from out a hill,  
Where in the sun are seen  
FAIRY figures never still,  
And fitting garments green.

THE stag who trembles, cold  
Before the icy wind;  
And the wild duck's sorrow told  
As he leaves the marsh behind.

LAST, Love which fills the world  
With its immortal breath;  
Here in these songs impearled,  
Never to taste of Death.

THE foxglove, straight and  
tall;  
The blackbird's carolling;  
The mountain, shining, green,  
The sound and scent of spring.

